

THE DUTCH COMPANY.

Some gentlemen from Holland, A doughty crew and one, Upon my southern window-seat...

ECONOMY IN STOCK RAISING.

The Utilization of Waste Products and the Fertilization of Lands.

The utilization of products that have a value in the market is receiving more attention at the present day than formerly...

AT THE BALL GAME.

Wigglesworth Takes His Wife and Boy to See It.

"Oh, mamma!" screamed Willie Wigglesworth, running into the house. "Come quick! Here's pa with a horse!"

Mr. Wigglesworth was steering a long, bony animal to the sidewalk, an operation not unaccompanied with difficulty...

"What's that got to—when? you old fool—got to do with it?" returned Mr. Wigglesworth, red in the face with his exertions...

"What place is this?" repeated her husband, as he held the eccentric animal's head in his hands...

"You shut your head," growled his father, when at that instant called upon to twist the neck of the bridle horse in order to avoid running over the legs of some stranger...

"There!" said Mr. Wigglesworth, standing up and looking about, "this is something like it. Our club is in, I believe."

"That's the stuff!" shouted Mr. Wigglesworth, as a robust player in stuffed pantaloons struck the ball a terrific blow.

"Three bags of what?" asked Mrs. Wigglesworth, but the boy with peanuts passed at that moment, and she concluded it must relate to the traffic he was carrying on.

Presently the side went out, and the club with red stockings came to bat. "That's the dandy pitcher for you," Mr. Wigglesworth commented.

"What are his curves?" Mrs. Wigglesworth wanted to know, "and what has he got them on, Ellery?"

But it needed only a glance at the pitcher, who had twisted himself into a knot preliminary to shooting the ball toward the striker, to indicate where his curves were to be found.

"What all's that?" snapped Mr. Wigglesworth, reluctantly turning from the contemplation of a brilliant altercation between umpire and pitcher and numerous other players on both sides.

"What was that?" piped Mrs. Wigglesworth, and her husband was listening to her to stop her noise when the second base shot the ball toward third for double play.

With four leaps and an equal number of snorts the bridle horse was over in the diamond with Mr. Wigglesworth attached to the reins and pulling up the turf at every leap.

There were a dozen reporters present, but none of them was able to explain why it was that the bridle horse could clear the field so completely and keep it so, with nothing but Mr. Wigglesworth on the end of a pair of reins to do it with.

"Who was that other man?" asked Mrs. Wigglesworth the next day as she was putting some more arnica on her husband's bandages.

"What other man?" growled Mr. Wigglesworth. "Why," explained his wife, "the second time the horse slung you around you knocked down a man in a gray jacket, and every time the crowd rushed back and forth, chasing you and the horse, they trampled on him, and then when it was all over I saw the poor man lying there insensible, and nobody seemed to care for him a bit."

AS TO MECHANICS' LIENS.

A new act, approved by the Governor June 26, is one every contractor and builder of houses ought to paste in his hat. The practical effect of the law is to abolish mechanics' liens.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh.

The Newspaper Gets Left.

A country newspaper publisher sizes up the "span of life," as follows: "A child is born, the doctor in attendance gets a \$10 fee; the editor notes it and gets 0; it is christened and the minister gets \$5; and the editor writes it up and gets 0; it marries and the minister gets another \$10; the editor gets a piece of cake or ooo."

"In the course of time it dies; the doctor gets from \$5 to 100 and the minister perhaps gets another \$5; the undertaker \$25 to \$50; the editor prints a notice of death and an obituary two columns long, and a set of resolutions of some lodge or organization to which the deceased belonged, and receives 0000, and then has the privilege of running a free card of thanks and a lot of poetry besides."

"I have a dear little babe, and am well. I thank Mrs. Pinkham for this, and so could other motherless women. I was a victim of Female troubles. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me."

READING RAILROAD SYSTEM

Table with columns for stations (Pottsville, Pottsville, Pottsville, etc.) and times for various routes.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Table with columns for stations (Atlantic City, Atlantic City, Atlantic City, etc.) and times for various routes.

A Great Offer.

The "Twice-a-Week" edition of the New York World (formerly the Weekly) has proved a phenomenal success. It is a Semi-Weekly of six pages, mailed Tuesdays and Fridays; eight columns to the page; forty-eight columns each issue.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM advertisement with text and logo.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. A Minister's Experience With Heart Disease. Rev. L. W. Showers, Elderton, Pa.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Time Table in effect May 19, '95.

Table with columns for stations (Scranton, Pottsville, Pottsville, etc.) and times for various routes.

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HISTORY OF A FLOOD.

Jack Gray's father and mother lived in New York eleven months in the year, but the whole family almost invariably spent August at the seashore or in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray had purchased a lot on Fifth avenue long before so much wealth and fashion congregated in that particular section of the city, and although there were many more pretensions than their own on every side, still their house was handsome without, and the books, pictures, furniture and carpets were what might be expected in that locality, notwithstanding the fact that they regarded themselves as plain people, who had not pursued, but been overtaken by fashion.

A sultry morning, the last day of July, found the furniture covered up and packed away for a month's nap, and a carriage at the door ready to take the Grays to the station.

As Mrs. Gray passed through the hall she noticed that one piece of baggage was unmarked, "Jacky, dear," she said, "please run upstairs and write to father's name on a card for the trunk; it has all our bathing suits in it, and we must not risk losing it."

Jacky flew to the third story, his chestnut property, and wrote "Jonathan Gray" and such a flourish he splashed ink all over his fingers. He went to an upstairs bath room to wash his hands; but the water would not come, so he rushed down to the second story bath room, made himself presentable, and was in the carriage by the driver before his mother thought it possible.

Mr. Gray locked the front door, and sending the key to his brother's boy a servant started on his summer holiday with the comfortable feeling that he was taking a needed rest and leaving everything safe in his absence.

About ten days later, two policemen were lounging by a lamp post near the house. It had been raining for twenty-four hours preceding, and although the sun was now shining brilliantly the eaves were still dripping, and from the marble steps ran a steady little stream to the street.

Early California Days.

There were neither courts nor juries in the land; the word of a Californian was the only bond required. Even the wary Yankee traders who frequented the coast, when foreign commerce was finally allowed, trusted them freely from one season to the next.

An incident illustrating this trait is told by the Aguirre family. Don Jose Aguirre, who owned a trading vessel, once had as supercargo a young man who was a stranger to Californian customs. While the ship, with cargo, lay in San Pedro harbor, the master being absent, Augustin Machado, a ranchero of considerable wealth in land and herds, but who could neither read nor write, went on board to do some purchasing, his carts awaiting him on shore.

When he had made his choice and was about having the goods conveyed to land, the supercargo asked him for either payment or guaranty. Machado did not at first understand that he was being distrusted; no such demand had ever before been made of any ranchero, where the buyer offered no money he being credited without hesitation. When at length it dawned upon the Californian he drew a hair from his beard, and gravely handing it to the young man, said with dignity: "Deliver this to Senor Aguirre and tell him it is a hair from the beard of Augustin Machado—you will find it a sufficient guaranty."

The supercargo, crest-fallen, placed the hair in the leaves of his account-book and allowed the goods to be removed. Upon Aguirre's return he was deeply chagrined at the insult that had been offered to his friend. — The Overland.

Low Hung Farm Wagon.

Low-hung wagons are a great convenience and save lots of lifting. A simple, home-made device of this kind is illustrated. The rail about the sides can be removed or put into place in a moment.

Economy in Fruit Growing.

One of the drawbacks to fruit-growing is the fact that farmers economize at the beginning. They buy from tree peddlers and do not find out that their trees are of worthless varieties until they begin to bear, but as several years will then have been lost the mischief cannot be repaired, and work must be done over again.

Ground Bone as Manure.

A heavy application of ground-bone will produce excellent results for several years, for the reason that the bone gives off its particles slowly, and is not dissolved for several seasons. For immediate results acidulated rock or bone superphosphate should be used. In the latter form there is always a fair proportion of nitrogen.

The Explanation.

Old Gentleman—You say your father lingered a long while and died a sudden death. What do you mean by that? —Penny—Well, the village committee told him to live town in an hour, but he lingered for a day.—Philadelphia Record.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. A Minister's Experience With Heart Disease. Rev. L. W. Showers, Elderton, Pa.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. My Father's Coughs kept me when all else failed. No pain, no loss of sleep. New York, sole depot. Send for book and treatise FREE.